



Teares for the death of the most gracious Prince *Lodouicke*, Duke of *Richmond* and *Lenox*, Earle of *Newcastle* and *Darnely*, &c. Lord of *Torbolton* and *Methuen*, &c. Baron of *Settrington*, &c. Knight of the Noble order of the Garter, Lord high Admirall, and great Chamberlaine of *Scotland*, Lord high Steward to the Kings most excellent Maiesties most Honourable Household, Gentleman of his Maiesties Bed Chamber, and one of his Maiesties most Honourable Priuy Councell for *England* and *Scotland*.

VVhat? shall the world obliuiously neglect,
And bury in the earth, without respect
True Vertue, as a mortall thing that must
Returne by course of Nature to the dust?
O *Lodouicke*, that onely name of thine,
Asunder rends a thousand hearts with mine;
And can thy Vertue be forgotten than?
No, no, sweet Lord, so long as liues a man.
Although from death none could thy body saue;
Death shall not bring thy praises to the graue:
For after-ages that are yet vnborne,
Shall with their hearts thy memorie adorne:
And such as haue the wit to make a Verse,
Shall hang vp praise like Censers on thy herse.
We see in losse, this alwayes still remains,
Some euermore to gather vp the gaines.
When Earth is robb'd, Heau'n is enricht thereby,
They may reioyce, but we may howle and crie:
For eyes will haue no moysture for a teare,
Before that we our mourning can forbear.
And when our eyes of moysture are run dry,
With other things we shall that want supply.
For pen and inke that lacke the sense of feeling,
Shall be employed in our woes reueiling.
And by the heau'ns I sweare, that, for my part,
If Nature had the superface of Art,
I should make all *Parnassus* mountaine smoke,
With the relating of that deadly stroke,
Which did cut downe the Elme, that did vphold
The tender Vines that did about thee fold.
For now the widow and the fatherlesse,
The stranger and the Pilgrime in distresse,
May stand at Court in Corners till they die,
Before that pittie helpe them with supplie.
Thy comely lookes, thy gesture, grace, and gate,
Were such as well becom'd a man of State.
No curious eye a blemish could impute
To thy proportion, from the head to th' foote;
Which might haue challeng'd beauties praises from
The youthfull Iew was called *Abolom*.
On foot or horse, thy skill and strength of hand,
Wrought terrour in the strongest to gaine-stand.
So that the want in Queene of the third speare,
At tiring sport when thou didst breake aspeare,
Look'd downe below, amaz'd, and full of wonder,
For feare her *Mars* had here descended vnder.
But when thy armes were layd aside, she swore,
My sweet *Adonis* hath escap'd the Bore.
The grauer yeeres did timely tokens bring,
A full full Haruett from thy youthfull Spring.
For Patience, Wit, Experience and Skill,
Were on ly Seeds thy ripened yeares did fill:

Which proued indeed to be fertile graine,
The needfull wants of many to sustaine.
So that thou didst allure the hearts of such
As fauour'd Wisedome, for to loue thee much;
Which makes the bosomes of the best to bleed,
To haue thee wanting in this time of need.
The heau'n and earth no doubt hath had intent,
Vpon one day to hold a Parliament;
For why, they both did striue in my conceit,
To honour thee with glorious Robes of State.
I must confesse, thou wisely chose'st the best
Of truest glory, and of longest rest.
Thou likewise knew'st ech intricate euent,
Which should be treated in this Parliament.
Therefore to leuell crooked things with euen,
Thou went'st to heare the iust decrees of heauen.
Our gracious King and Councell knew this cleere,
Thou onely for that purpose left'st vs here;
Which made them with consent together stay
Their Parliament vntill another day:
That so the high Assembly of the blisht,
Might first determinate what things they list:
And afterwards from them, to let vs know,
What things were fitting to be done below.

Thus things considered rightly in their kinde,
Makes me to be perswaded in my minde:
None was more worthy for to vndergoe
That great Ambassage, if thou hadst said no,
Except our Soueraigne King or Prince had gone,
Who are our comforts and our hopes alone.
Therefore the most Almighty did decree,
This great Ambassage should be laid on thee.
Glad, of the charge, thou didst no time delay,
At the first call his Will for to obey.

Rest then, sweet Soule, amidst those perfit ioyes,
Free from the trouble of decaying toyes;
And grant me pardon if I do offend,
By these complaints, which for thy losse I spend:
And yet my losse, not thine, makes me lament;
I know thou liu'st in fulnesse of content.
But I who builded all my hopes vpon
Thy gracious fauour, in this earth alone;
Expect some pittie, from some Noble brest,
Of some kinde friend of thine that loues thee best.
And therefore crauing pardon once againe,
Blest Ghost I leaue thee, vowing to remaine

Thy desolue seruant.

Patrike Mackgaur.

FINIS.

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